

They Have Come.

And Owsosso is Grateful—What Mr. N. S. Roschorn Has to Say.

A brilliant record in Owsosso has been made in a short time by the "little enemies to backache." At his place of residence, No. 114 S. Cedar Street, our representative found Mr. N. S. Roschorn, an old and favorably known citizen of Owsosso. For years he has suffered with kidney disorders that have baffled the best physicians, and it remained for Doan's Kidney Pills, the little conquerors of kidney troubles, to give him the only relief he has ever experienced. We will let him tell about it in his own words. He said:

"This trouble from my kidneys has been a source of great suffering to me for over nine years. I had retention of the urine, which was accompanied with sharp, shooting pains in my back and hips and extending down into my limbs. I would have such a sensation of pressure in my head—a most miserable feeling. I could not get any rest at night with that burning feeling of numbness in my back; it seemed to go right through me. The quantity of urine passed was very scanty, stopping almost entirely at times. I was most wretched and did not seem to be able to obtain any relief, although I was most constantly taking treatment. Some months ago, I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and determined to try them, so I went to the drug store of Johnson & Henderson, where I procured a box. Their use helped me and I continued taking them, and up to the present time have taken three boxes. I wish to say this about Doan's Kidney Pills—they have done more for me than anything else I have ever taken during all the years of my trouble. They started the flow of urine, causing it to come freely and naturally, the pressure in my head is gone and the burning pain in my back relieved. I feel very grateful for this deliverance. My case is evidence conclusive that Doan's Kidney Pills is a wonderful kidney medicine, acting directly and quickly on the kidneys." Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Announcements for School Year 1896-7.

Teachers should carefully note the contents of this circular and preserve it for future use.

RATES OF EXAMINATIONS.
Regular, Corunna, August 20th and 21st, 1896.
Special, Owsosso, October 15th and 16th, 1896.
Regular, Corunna, March 25th and 26th, 1897.
Special, Owsosso, June 17th and 18th, 1897.
All examinations will begin at 8:30 a. m., standard time.

Applicants for third grades will write on geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physiology and reading the second half day; arithmetic, penmanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and second grades will write on geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physiology, algebra and reading the second half day; arithmetic history and penmanship the third half day, and civil government, physics and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geometry, general history and botany on Saturday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

REQUIREMENTS.
For third grade an average of seventy is required, with not less than sixty-five in any branch; for second grade an average of seventy-five is required, with not less than seventy in any branch; for first grade an average of eighty-five is required, with not less than eighty in any branch.

Applicants shall use legal cap paper and write with pen and ink.

Applicants for first and second grades who pass in part of the branches may re-write at the next examination in the remainder. After failing in two consecutive examinations they must re-write in all branches. Applicants for third grades who fail in any of the branches must re-write in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be granted only when locally qualified persons cannot be secured. Persons who wish to teach must attend an examination.

O. L. BURTON, Commissioner.
J. N. COY, Examiner.
J. A. THOMPSON, Examiner.

Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

F. EDWARDS & CO.

General Real Estate and Insurance Agent

Will sell your Property.
Will rent your House or Farm.
Will look after your Tenants.
Will find Loans for your Money.
Will insure your Buildings.

Charges very reasonable. Office with S. F. Smith.

H. B. PETERSON, DENTIST

VITALIZED AIR.

OFFICE—Over Dimmick's store, Washington Street. RESIDENCE—Washington St., opposite Congregational church.

WILLIAM M. KILPATRICK, LAWYER.

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

General Insurance Agent.

Office in the Williams Block, Washington Street, Owsosso, Mich.

J. B. Dowdigan, DENTIST.

Office over KALAMAZOO STORE, OWSOSSO, MICH.

Hours 8 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 5:30 p. m.

DR. C. MCCORMICK, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.

Special attention given to the treatment of disease by means of Electricity. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica and a number of nervous diseases readily yield to this form of treatment.

Office and Residence No. 290 East Exchange St. OWSOSSO, MICH.

DR. L. E. PHELPS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office: 114 N. Washington St. Office Hours: 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

RESIDENCE: 656 N. Washington St.

Special Attention given to Chronic Diseases.

Hamblin & Crawford, REAL ESTATE.

Business Chances, Conveyancing, Fire Insurance, Money to Loan, Notaries Public.

OFFICE UP STAIRS 106 West Exchange St. OWSOSSO, MICH.

DR. ANNIS S. H. GOODING, Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

Residence and Office, Williams St., (Corner Stock Block), Owsosso, Mich. Office hours—2 to 4 p. m. and 8 to 9 p. m. Calls promptly responded to. Special attention given to Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Shuts long Debility, Doubly, Disordering stomach and bowels, and is noted for making men and women healthy. Every mother and invalid should have it.

PARKER'S CHLORINE BALSAM

Clears and soothes the throat. Promotes a luxuriant growth of hair. Restores to the scalp the power to grow. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. Price 25c. Sold at all Druggists.

HINDERGANGS

The only cure for hemorrhoids. Stops the pain. Makes walking easy. Use at Druggists.

ROB M'GREGOR.

By MARTHA M'ULLOCH WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.)

CHAPTER XIV.

It was thirst, not any thought of adventure, that made Rob when she came to her own demesne turn aside to Aunt Phemy's cabin.

"It is only a step out of the way," she said to herself, "and my throat is parched. Besides Aunt Phemy ought to be glad to see me. I hope she will not be cross, as she was the last time. 'Marse Robert, he better had to be told of this,' she said then. As if anything could make me tell him! My darling daddy! I would suffer torture first."

The cabin stood only a little way off the mill road. Passersby often stopped there for a drink from the spring. In her heart Aunt Phemy was glad to see them, though she kept her face impassive. Company! What did it matter? she said. She had her pigs, her fowls and her big dog Tige, who was Lion's full brother and the saviour of the two.

In his guard she was safe, no matter who came or went. The cabin sat in a screen of tangle. The path to it ran jaggedly through vagrant growths of sumac, sassafras and fruitful young grapevines. It wound so, indeed, coming in from the front, you hardly saw the roof until you were in the shade of the gourd arbor above the door. Thus Rob was almost facing her before she saw that the old woman was not alone, but sight of the visitor in novice discomfited her. It was apparently a tall, lean woman, with powerful shoulders, yet a stooping, hollow chest, who sat upon the doorstep, with arms locked about the knees.

In spite of the heat the stranger was huddled in a frouzy shawl. A deep sunbonnet shadowed head and face. The long lower limbs showed gaunt and shrunken beneath the thin folds of a faded calico skirt. As Rob's shadow fell on the earth the creature started and drew the poor skirt yet closer about her feet, as though seeking to hide poverty, yet more pitiful. Rob noted the action with a sympathetic thrill, then said with a civil nod:

"Good morning, madam. Aunt Phemy, how are you? Don't get mad when I tell you my best turkey hen has come home with ten fine young ones, for all you were so certain the foxes had caught her. The little ones are beauties and so pert. Why, they can outrun me now. Though they are so late, I mean to raise them just to show you wise people that you don't know everything."

"Up! Dat dest your owacious luck. Had or been my ole turkey hen her baid'd been off an Br'er Fox done had

er dinner or whole mont' ago," Aunt Phemy said, pretending to frown, though she gave really a mild chuckle. "Ah, how jealous you are! Aunt Phemy, I didn't think that of you," Rob retorted, letting her eyes rest casually upon the hands of the visitor. They were hard and brown, two masses of knotted muscle, with long, coarse hair straggling over them and a curious pale ring on the skin about one wrist. Though Rob looked away instantly, she knew the strange woman had felt her gaze and been disquieted by its note of details, for the knotted hands were drawn back and began nervously to wrap themselves in the ends of the thin shawl.

Aunt Phemy, too, noted the movement. She half turned in her chair and said slowly: "I ain't gredgin you no res," Miss Who-ober-you-is, but I 'pec' you better had be trabblin. I done kep' you now longer'n I tole you you mought stay when you come yere ter my do' fore de zarn er day."

"Oh, don't send her away, Aunt Phemy! It is hot, and she looks so very tired," Rob said, plucking at the black woman's sleeve. "Maybe she is more sick than tired. Keep her until tomorrow. I know that is what pappy would say."

"Umph! Yes; Marse Robert, he'd take keer de whole worl an let um cheat him outen he cyeteefs," Aunt Phemy said.

The stranger got up, saying so hoarsely the sound made Rob shudder, "I will go in jest er little while."

Rob opened her mouth to protest, but before she could speak Tige sprang up and gave a tremendous howl. The strange woman made a wild, backward spring, gathering her limp skirt as though to run, then sank down, breathing hard. Aunt Phemy had been looking toward the path. Rob alone had seen beneath the flapping garment boots and trousers miserably ragged and the dull gleam of an iron ring about one ankle.

"Go inside and lie down! Quick! Let me help you!" she said imperatively, looking full in the strange woman's eyes. They dropped before hers, but the tall figure straightened slowly and lurched within as a hail came over the matted growth in front:

"Hello, the house! Aunt Phemy, tie up your daws. We're comin fer water," a man's voice called cheerily. Next breath three stout fellows had ridden in sight, dismounted and flung themselves down beside the slipping runner. At sight of Rob in the doorway the foremost of them rose, touched his hat and said awkwardly:

"Oh, howdy do, Miss Rob? My, but we're thirsty! Been racin an chasin all day after one er them triffin convicts that got away. You see, they're leashed out, an they had 'em at work, with ball an chain, on the big new railroad fill, an this poor fool must run off, though he had just one more year ter serve; took chances er gittin shot an doin double time fer jest that little."

"Don't say he came this way," Rob said lightly, though she shivered a little. "I hope, though, you won't catch him—that is, unless he is a horse thief. I have suffered too much from them to have the least bit of compassion left."

"Yes, it's too bad about your stock," the man said. He was Deputy Sheriff Reed and mighty ambitious to be a sheriff.

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"He shan't be bothered, depend on that," the deputy said, smiling down at her. The other men had come up to him, their long mustaches beaded at the ends with fair water. Aunt Phemy stood with eyes downcast. She had the African instinct of secrecy and had instantly caught Rob's cue.

"Tain't nobody went erlong dis way as I seed," she said; then, dropping a sort of courtesy: "I hear Sis Liza an Ann' Viny Johnson say las' night as dee come home from pra'ar meetin dee gut er skeer from some sort er critter. Dee 'lowed it was er han't, dar on de hill by Topmark's grabyard. It was long an high, dee say, an groan so dee sho' think it was ole man Topmark done come back 'cuse er de way he son Ben carryin on sence he los' he wife."

"Oh, ho, ho! Beg your pard'n, Miss Rob, but that's jest too rich!" the deputy said, laughing explosively. He had heard—who had not?—of Topmark's infatuation. If Rob became Mrs. Topmark No. 2, her influence would be a thing to covet, for Topmark certainly carried the district in his pocket when it came to local elections. The whites divided always on lines of social or personal cleavage. It was the black votes which really told for a fellow or against him, and the storekeeper swung the black vote as he pleased.

Not in set words, but dimly and afar off, all this rushed through the official's mind. He had good reason for not wanting Miss Rob McGregor to remember him as a rude and pestilent fellow. Now, no doubt on her father's account, she was anxious to have the posse go in some other direction. So much he read shrewdly underneath her smiling courtesy, and she should have her way. There was certainly small likelihood that the man they hunted lay hid at Roscoe, for all it had so much tangled scrub. Anyway the chance was too remote to be worth making her an enemy. Facing about, he said to his followers, speaking low and rapidly: "I think I've got a clew. We'll ride for the big meadows an not spare our stock. Good day, Miss Rob! You be right easy about your par. Ef we had ter chase the feller past your gate, they shoould'n nobody make noise erough ter let him know what was up. Now, ride Lard, boys. Poor wretch! I've nothin ag'in him, but it's er juty ter ketch him ef only we kin."

As they clattered noisily away Rob stepped inside the cabin. The convict had flung off his woman's garb and sat with burning eyes in a face as white as death. His jagged brow was beaded with cold sweat. At sight of the girl he put his hands upon his breast and said, speaking as though the words came from desert dryness:

"They're after me. I'm a horse thief, like they said. More, I helped steal your Lightnigh. I'm willin ter die fer ef only I kin see Betty one more time."

"Hush!" Rob said imperatively. "Tell us nothing about yourself, except where you want to go and what we can do to help you."

"You didn't hear maybe. Oh, you couldn't! I said I helped ter steal," he began monotonously.

Rob's hand went over his mouth. "That has nothing to do with it, nothing at all," she said. "I asked you what you wanted. Tell me at once."

"Gimme er day's start. I kin manage the rest," the man answered, a slow, painful red burning up through the pallor of his face. "Once lemme have 30 miles 'tween me an them that outside they won't never tetch me. Oh, ef only you will—Godd! Miss, you can kill me, out me in little pieces. You can't never know what it'll mean ter me."

Rob pondered a minute, feeling his eyes devour her face. Then she said, low, but firmly:

"You shall have that. I pledge my word for it. Now, listen. You are to stay here until almost midnight. Aunt Phemy will stain your face and hands till you would pass for one of her color. Then at 12 o'clock tonight you must be at the bridge on the turnpike, two miles from here. Some one will meet you there. Never mind who. You can trust him. He will answer 'Tom' when you say 'Jerry.' He will take you where you choose, as far as he can before morning. Meantime get a file and take that ring off your ankle and borrow Aunt Phemy's wallet to carry the food she will give you."

"Des do listen at her! She talks like I 'longed her same as ebber!" Aunt Phemy said, with a little odd laugh. Rob put out her hand and touched the black woman's lightly as she said:

"No, Aunt Phemy. I know you are free, but free only to do good."

When she had gone away, the man seemed to rouse from a daze. He talked long and earnestly with the old black woman and evidently of matters very near her heart. When at last he had crept into her loft, and she heard the loose boards creak as his length rested upon them, she said, nodding to the embers which smoldered the year round upon her wide hearth:

"T'ings happen metty quar in dis worl an kentry. Dar Ben Topmark. He rich an strong as he mean, I po' an ole. Dis yere feller 'feard er he own shadder while he stay roan yere, but I lay us puts er spoke in dat big gent'eman's wheel, one what he ain't nebbor knowed was growin in de woods, much less cut out er um."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Topmark's letter to Mr. Howell had been a triumph of diplomacy. There had been no mention of business—oh, not the least! He had said in rambling fashion that a widower was mighty lonesome, and it was near time for dove shooting to begin, and maybe "thar might be some 'lection matters" that could be talked over to advantage when a man had neither a wife nor a crop on his mind to bother him.

To himself Mr. Topmark added that Howell was rat sharp, but not likely to try putting up any game on him. He himself knew too much. If he told all he knew, it would be mighty awkward

for Howell and bigger men besides. Then, too, the storekeeper was fairly sure of his ground. He had taken opinion of Judge Graball, the first lawyer in Oldbridge, in the very beginning of things, and Graball had said, getting a clean hundred dollars for the saying, that in Mr. Topmark's hypothetical case right might lie on one side. Law was certainly on the other. If a wife had not bought in her behalf, no sure title passed to its purchaser. Her children or children's children were entitled to recover not only the land itself, but a reasonable rent for it, this all the more if they had lived out of the state and naturally in ignorance of their rights. That condition indeed made the statute of limitation inoperative. Holders of such land could set up only adverse possession and plead in equity innocent purchase. Even if they avowed that there had been quietclaiming in the original transaction to establish such avowal legally they must submit the deed or a record of it or an exact and attested transcript of the original.

"An thar ain't nare scratch ter be found er sech er paper, not in none er the county records," Mr. Topmark had said, rubbing his hands as he rode away. He repeated it with unctious, inly, when he saw the lawyer, sleek and flaxen, his chair tipped comfortably back against a pillar of the porch and Teddy Barton gazing at him with open eyed admiration. Teddy had indeed paid the man from town the compliment of his life by remaining silent full five minutes while the other talked. He had even admitted to his inner consciousness that there was one more man in the world could tie a cravat with as much style as Teddy himself. But of that Mr. Topmark reckoned nothing. He was too rapt in his own concerns. "Now, Rob, my darling," he was saying to himself, "I hope you'll be sensible an gimme er chance ter settle this yere business the way I like. Ef you but knowed it, my gal, you ain't got no show without me. Thar ain't hoof ner horn you kin sell. The whole crop, ef it was in the barn, wouldn't fetch er hundred dollars. An thar's the ole man. You want er keep him in cotton wool. You're er fool ter that, but be hanged ef I don't love you better jest because er sech foolishness. Jack Talbot is better ter look at'n me, but you won't take him, not ef you're sensible. But you ain't sensible. I don't believe I want you ter be neither. Ef I thought you'd take me fer what I've got, I wouldn't be nigh so mad after you. I'd rather sorter make you take me an then coax you inter lovin me than ter have you drop in my mouth because er what I kin give you."

He had been silently soliloquizing in front of his dead wife's fine, big bureau. Looking himself carefully over in the mirror, he half sighed, stroked his stubbly mustache, then all at once sat suddenly down, with an odd, smothering pain at his heart. It passed in a second or two, but left him white and shaken. "I mus' put er stop ter that," he said hoarsely. "The ole witch! Black Sam had spells like that all winter befo he died, an the niggers all said he was conjured."

As he went out on the porch Luley dropped her beloved crochet work and sidled up to him, saying, with an air of weariness, "Popper, lemme go with you ter Aunt Sarah's tentight?"

"Hey! Have you set out too? Who air you castin' sheep's eyes at?" Mr. Topmark asked, laughing, glad to have any

distraction just then. "I didn't know I had er grown daughter. When did you put on long dresses?"

"I wish I could put 'em on," Luley said, sighing deeply. "Then I could marry an take Juncy an Anny ter live with me soon as er stepmother comes. Aunt Sarah says all stepmothers are mean as they can be, but I don't believe Miss Rob will bent us. That's why I want ter go tonight, so I can beg her ter take you an keep you from chasin off after that hateful old Miss Mandy Allen."

"B'George! Then maybe I better take you," Mr. Topmark said, laughing. But it was Lawyer Howell instead who bore him company that night when he went driving away to the Winfold party. Rob came late and in her worn white frock instead of the half new blue one, yet she was easily the belle, with cheeks delicately pink as a wild rose freshly open and eyes dilated to a black brilliance, like the shining of midnight stars. There was a new note in her voice, too, a sort of tense, vibrant softness that thrilled the listening ear.

Naturally the other young women, save Miss Winfold, made common cause against her. When it came to dancing, more than one sat down suddenly and unaccountably when Rob was opposite her. But in the end these malcontents hurt only themselves. They were left wallflowers while Rob went victoriously from strength to strength, from conquest to conquest, for she danced as one inspired. Townsman that was, prepared to laugh at rural gambols, Lawyer Howell caught his breath at sight of her in a solo and as soon as might be asked her for the next waltz.

"You may have it," Rob said, with her wickedest smile—"that is, if you will convert Mrs. Winfold from the error of her way. You see, she does not allow round dances here. In fact, I half believe she thinks any sort of dancing a sin unless you can manage to do it very badly."

"You mean she thinks your dancing wicked. I don't at all blame her, I see, Miss McGregor, you are a very dangerous person, so dangerous I scarcely dare ask for a quadrille," Mr. Howell said, with a bow. Rob gave a faint shrug and said tranquilly:

"As you like about that. I am souse to being thought desperately wicked. I suppose I am case hardened. Anyway even the thought of not being your partner does not plunge me in the depths."

"Ef he don't ask you after that, I'll shoot him. I've a great mind ter do it anyway. None er these yere young chaps shan't sass you with me eroun," Mr. Topmark said, grinning. Rob gave him a long look, then turned to her next partner and whirled away without a word.

At near 11 o'clock she set the company agog by saying carelessly to Jack Talbot in the face of everybody: "Oh, Jack, make haste and get through your dance! You have got to take me home before 12 o'clock."

"Lemme do that, Miss Rob," Mr. Topmark said eagerly. Jack shouldered him aside and took Rob's hand. He

could scarcely trust himself to speak, so great was his joy, but somehow he managed to say: "Get your shawl. We will go at once."

"Shawl! I never thought of one this dry, beautiful night. I'll meet you at the gate. Bring around the horses," Rob said, slipping away over the narrow front porch and on down the gravel walk that led to the front gate. There were prim, spiny cedars at guard either side of it. White moonshine drew silhouettes of them upon the sparse turf at foot. Lanterns feebly flickering amid the green boughs, in Miss Winfold's judgment, gave the whole affair a touch and tang of style. But Rob, the audacious, set one light upon the ground and said as she sprang up beside Jack:

"I could not take a chance of searing Timothy and Clover. The darlings! They must go 50 miles before morning."

The company broke an hour later. Scintillating thunder in the air, Lawyer Howell pleaded that the night was so fine he had rather walk the mile to Topmark's. He had a foxy sharpness that had made plain to him some part of what was under the cards. Topmark angry was, he knew experimentally, an ugly customer. Let his wrath expend it-

The Evening News,

"THE GREAT DAILY OF MICHIGAN."

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Put up in 50 cts. and \$1.00 sizes, and sold at all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.



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